

INTAGLIO

THE NEWSPAPER  
FOR MASSACHUSETTS  
COLLEGE OF ART  
NOVEMBER 1964



# INTAGLIO

published by the students of Massachusetts College of Art

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## CONTEST★BIG PRIZES!

Several faculty members have agreed to donate works as prizes for the writers of the best poetry, fiction and non-fiction articles submitted to each future issue of the Intaglio. There will also be a special prize for cover designs in one color on white or colored stock. The deadline for all competitive work for the next issue is Monday, December 14.

Please submit all work to Polly McGrory in A-6 or leave in the INTAGLIO box outside the foyer.

## President's Message

The ninety-first year of the college started off as an auspicious one. Since the student body is the most important asset of any school and the only reason for its existence, its Freshman Class becomes a critical consideration each year. One hundred and forty-four Freshmen joined the college in September and, having been screened from over 800 applicants, the quality was superior in every way. They have moved into the school quietly and most efficiently and are delighting the faculty and upper-class men with their personalities and their talents. We look forward to wonderful progress and success from them. The total student body numbers 509 and each individual is giving evidence of that excellence and skill that is characteristic of leadership in the art profession.

Plans for the expansion of the college seem to be more active than ever and we expect to see results soon. The Alumni Association is working diligently to be of assistance to the school and its students in every possible way. They expect during the coming year to provide events through which current students and alumni may meet. The first of these events will take place at an assembly on December 9th at which time the alumni will present illustrious graduates who will tell of their professional experiences.



The evening program of the college starts during the second semester and will bring undergraduate and graduate students to Massachusetts College of Art. As the center of art training in the Commonwealth our college has had continuous demand for such a program.

It is always a privilege for me to greet the students of the college in any way that I can. It is especially good to have my best wishes appear in this the first issue of the intaglio. I know it will be a most successful, interesting and important publication for all of us.

Dr. Robert L. Bertolli  
President

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## Newman Club

Again, as in the past, the Newman Club is embarking on what promises to be a most successful year. The club reports that it has tripled its membership and now has 55 paid Newmanites!

The new officers include Nick Curto as president, Judith MacKinnon as vice president, Marie Enright as secretary, Sheila O'Neil as treasurer, Diane Kwiecinski as hostess, Christine Klasner as co-hostess, Francine Ursini as publicity manager, and Mr. Daniel Kelleher as faculty adviser.

The club, which meets every third week, has programs ranging from debates and talks by guest speakers to movies and social events, with a short talk of interest by Father Hofler as a regular feature. Meetings begin at 3:10 on Thursdays, and last till 4 p.m. All students at Mascart are welcome to join.

## Drama Club

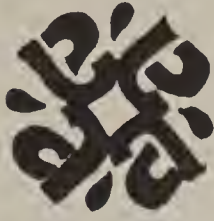
The Drama Club, having overcome its major difficulties, is preparing for an exciting year indeed! Last year the production of The Glass Menagerie turned out to be one of the high points of the college year.

This year the club is meeting every Wednesday at 3 p.m. on stage for readings and improvisations. The possibility of two major productions is being discussed. Nick Curto is the Drama Club chairman with Mr. Covert as the faculty advisor. All students who are interested in living theatre and who have dramatic talent are welcome to attend meetings and rehearsals and are invited to become members.

## Hillel Club

At this year's first meeting of the Hillel Club, twelve members were present for an afternoon of enthusiasm and co-operation. Plans have been initiated for a Chanukah party on December 1. There will be refreshments, entertainment and a talk on the significance of the Feast of Chanukah. Everyone is cordially invited.

# Class News



The Department of Education, Massachusetts College of Art, is proud to announce that, although the final figures have not yet been tabulated, it is safe to assume that we now have the country's largest student chapter of the National Art Education Association. The NAEA promotes the advancement of the professional interests and competence of those teaching art at all educational levels, and deals with the problems of teaching art and the research and communication of solutions. MCA membership includes 68 Teacher Education majors. Dr. Adams, the MCA chapter advisor, considers this enthusiastic response a distinction worthy of notice by other student chapters throughout the country. The new officers for the MCA chapter are Jack Shea as president, Harvey Levensohn as vice president, Kathleen Zehnter as Secretary-Treasurer, and Joanne Dzioba as Correspondent.

Louis Valente, senior advertising design, has a job designing packages and stationery for Robert Piquet Perfumes, which are imported from France and packaged in the United States. Louis also does portrait painting for a local studio.

Judy Hahn and Polly McGrory, also senior designers, have embarked on a joint interior-decorating map-making career. They single-handedly executed the transformation of Mr. Hoener's office into a plush home-away-from-home, and have gone on to greater glories rendering maps for the Massachusetts Educational Study Commission.

Arie Lamdan, who is a junior painter, had his third exhibition on Sunday evening, October 25, at the Maimonides School in Brookline. The exhibition will include twenty oil paintings and fifteen watercolors. Congratulations, Arie!

Linda Whinnem, of Teacher Education, spent an interesting summer participating in the Parents' Magazine Cultural Institute's Student Scholarship Contest. Linda received valuable training in the Institute's Family Cultural Education Program designed to bring cultural advantages into the homes of families with children.

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A notable quote from Malcolm Grear, exhibiting at the Institute of Contemporary Art, reads:

"Designers are totally involved or not involved at all. We are continually striving for something good. Not something different; only good...then it is different. Our job is to make things better; to do this, we have to live every moment with our design. Unless we care this much, we do not deserve to be in this field."



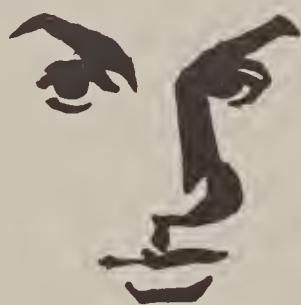
# SEEN:

## Becket



The new formula for success in movies is to sign some blue-eyed accomplished actor with an obvious British accent for a vehicle not written for the movies. Consider the cases of Albert Finney in "Tom Jones", Peter O'Toole in "Lawrence of Arabia", and Richard Burton in "Night of the Iguana". Then there is "Becket". It has two accomplished actors, two British accents and four piercing blue eyes, plus a stirring text by Jean Anouilh. How could a movie like "Becket" be anything but a smash? It is, however, much more than run-of-the-mill box office bait. The actors' performances are startlingly contrasted, from O'Toole's outward, lusty, witty and ultimately agonized Henry to Burton's cool, subtle, searching Archbishop. The story is brutal and pulls no punches from the laughing amorality of the two devilish young friends, Henry and Thomas to the deepening of Anouilh's implied ~~homosexual~~ relationship from which Henry's agony stems. The usual technical aspects of photography, sets and costumes are handled with finesse, but are not obtrusive, serving to enhance the importance of the actors' painstaking interpretations. "Becket" is an important picture for Peter O'Toole, for Richard Burton, and for the appreciative movie-goer.

## Antonio



The "Kids from Seville" have presented the most refreshing, original and exciting Spanish dance company to play Boston in a long while. Presented for seven performances at the Music Hall, Antonio and his company performed an impressive repertoire including folk dances, fierce flamenco dances and breathtaking ballets. The Sunday matinee program was comprised of a jubilant suite of Basque dances, a nerve-wracking choreographic rhythm interpretation of the old blacksmith song "Martinete", the gorgeous "El Amor Brujo", and several short numbers.

The costumes are stupendous---nowhere but in Spanish dancing is flagrant showing-off so utterly beautiful and credible. From the unbearable tension build-up in the blacksmith's song to the haunting, hypnotic love sequence of "El Amor Brujo", Antonio exudes passion, from his agonized frown to his inexhaustible grace of movement. His entire person is surrendered to his dancing which inevitably reaches its furious heel-pounding climax and terminates in that proudly arched back, the raised arm, the dark head thrown back with a triumphant grin.

The amazing aloofness usually observed as ritual by most Spanish dancers is quite evident in the members of the company and is utilized often, but not always, by Antonio himself. He is often carried away by his own enthusiasm and romanticism; however, this very quality of unbounded passion is what has endeared him to his public and has made his sheer presence enough to bring cheers and garlands of



flowers. His skill encompasses every technique from controlled fury to incredible delicacy of sound and movement in his solos and in his duets with Rosario, his reinstated partner, and young Rosita Segovia, who is stunning as Candelas in the "El Amor Brujo" ballet. Jean Cocteau has said of the dance: "A fire which consumes itself in order to be reborn---that is flamenco style." That is Antonio.

## Barefoot



"Barefoot in the Park" emerges as a delicious piece of satire and a feather in director Mike Nichols' (of the Mike Nichols-Elaine May team) cap. He understands Neil Simons' snappy pun-filled dialogue and imparts a smoothness to the predicaments of the main characters. It's the old story---a newly-wed couple moving into their new home---spiced up by the addition of the main characters....the man-a conventional young lawyer, the girl-something of a kook, and the colorful neighborly intruders, all played to perfection by an able company of actors. The quasi-momentous problems confronting the couple are brought to the fore and solved with the usual Nichols touch of an uneasy belief in the "Happy ending". The conventional plot acts not as a drawback but as a foil to the hilarious dialogue, as a springboard for the actors' skills, and as a guidepost for Nichols' expert direction of the play in toto.

## TO SEE:

"The Rivals", Sheridan's sparkling satire now at the Charles, presents lavish costumes, hilarious dialogue and reasonable ticket prices.

"Mary Poppins", which Samuel Goldwyn says "writes a new page in motion picture history," is a supercalifragilisticexpialadocious success at the Gary Theater.

"Topkapi", the latest Jules Dassin farce, has a delightfully wicked cast and an incredible plot, now at the Beacon Hill Theater.

"My Fair Lady", wistfully minus Julie Andrews, nevertheless charms Henry Higgins and the audience at the Saxon.

"Of Human Bondage", a weak version of Somerset Maugham's novel of the torments of young manhood, features much glamor and little insight into the characters, now at neighborhood theaters.

The fabulous Leningrad Kirov Ballet is at the Music Hall this Friday through December 2.

Saturday, December 5, Jackie Washington is at Jordan Hall.

Wednesday, December 9, Igor Stravinsky will conduct his own works and others at Symphony Hall.

# Feature Article

The editorial this month is the text of a lecture given to the Newman Club by Mr. Daniel Kelleher. It is a personal and provocative statement of interest and value to the reader. I trust you will enjoy it, and I would welcome comments from you.



The modern high priest, the scientist, appears to be the bogey man to many of my friends. They interpret the theory of evolution, life process compounds in the test tube, and the computer as dangers to their faith and as specter of an age of cold, analytical, mathematical logic which will deprive them of their creative souls as artists.

I have many friends who are scientists and technologists, both in the biological and physical fields. Some have a faith in God; most do not. A few are convinced atheists. Why? Most of them had little inculcated faith to begin with; very few were or are practicing Protestants, none are Catholics. Is it so strange that a man raised without a conviction of God should have none after his study of science?

Many of these men gave up what appearance of religion they had in rejection of parental attitudes or because of the imposed restrictions on the wants and desires of their lives. Very few have given up their faith because science convinced them that there is no God. Science almost exclusively avoids the question of God and any other qualitative or moral or ethical or philosophical question because these are not questions relative to scientific discipline, and cannot be empirically demonstrated or proven. There is no experiment to prove or disprove the existence of God. No scientist has yet given me a reason to doubt my faith in God or to lose my respect for my vocation as an artist.

Einstein, the framer of the scientific world of today, has been mentioned as an atheist and a materialist, and yet he says:



"The most beautiful and most profound emotion we can experience is the sensation of the mystical. It is the sower of all true science. He to whom this emotion is a stranger, who can no longer wonder and stand rapt in awe, is as good as dead. To know that what is impenetrable to us still exists, manifesting itself as the highest wisdom and the most radiant beauty which our dull faculties can comprehend only in their most primitive forms -- this knowledge, this feeling is at the center of all true religiousness."

Most scientists, when referring to the mysteries of the universe, its vast forces, its origins, and its rationality and harmony, tend to avoid the word "god". Yet Einstein, the "atheist", had no such inhibitions.

"My religion consists of a humble admiration of the illimitable superior spirit who reveals himself in the slight details we are able to perceive with our frail and feeble minds. That deeply emotional conviction of the presence of a superior reasoning power, which is revealed in the incomprehensible universe, forms my idea of God."

The development of science makes evident that no discovery is ultimate; each leads to a yet deeper mystery. We were at the beginning and are now at the brink of an abyss that human ingenuity cannot span. Is it not one of the basic physical realities that a part is not greater than the whole?

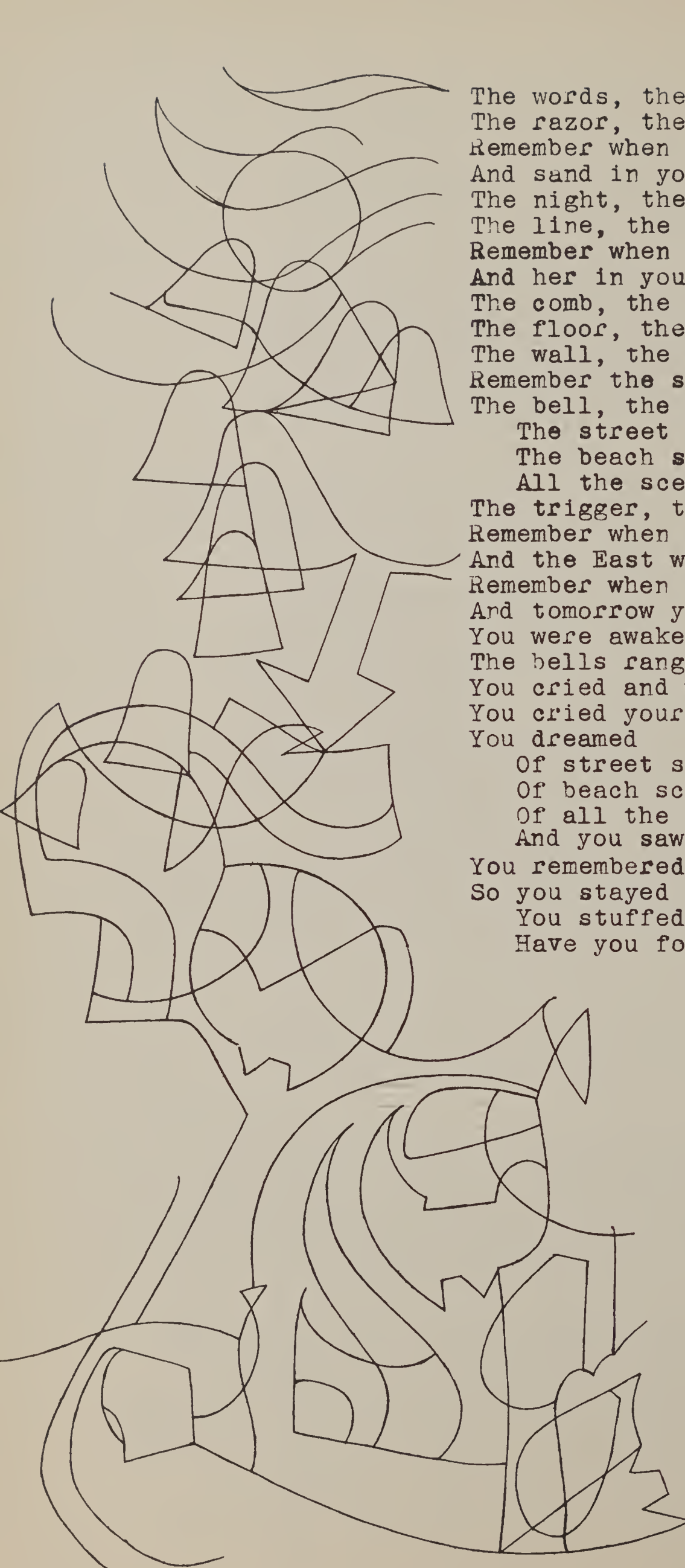
As Niels Bohrs, the physicist, says:

"We are both spectators and actors in the great drama of existence."

We understand but little of the nature of this world, but far less of our own nature. Our ability to reason and to dream remains a mystery. We do not understand our most mysterious faculty, the ability to transcend ourselves and to perceive ourselves in the act of perception. And what is this but the core of the creative act, the poetic sensibility?

The scientist's responsibility is to discover and reveal the facts of this physical universe, to help us to master our environment so that we may realize ourselves. The artist's responsibility is to discover and reveal the qualities of the human soul and the human situation. He must develop his sensibilities to feel and evaluate in qualitative terms so that man may realize the beauty and significance of his environment and of himself. Thus, man may gain some intimation of the beauty of God in whose image we are made.

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The words, the notes, the thought in between...  
The razor, the blade, the foam on your face...  
Remember when foam on your toes  
And sand in your hair...  
The night, the day, and life in between...  
The line, the arrow, the sign on the street...  
Remember when love  
And her in your hair,  
The comb, the snarl, the gum on your shoe...  
The floor, the wall, the roof so low...  
The wall, the wall...  
Remember the song,  
The bell, the clock...  
    The street scenes...  
    The beach scenes...  
    All the scenes...  
The trigger, the gun, the horse on your back...  
Remember when the West was won  
And the East was lost,  
Remember when night meant you slept  
And tomorrow you lived...  
You were awake...  
The bells rang...  
You cried and went back to sleep...  
You cried yourself to sleep...  
You dreamed  
    Of street scenes...  
    Of beach scenes...  
    Of all the old scenes...  
    And you saw the signs...  
You remembered that the ceiling was low,  
So you stayed in bed and turned the clocks back;  
You stuffed the bells with cotton...  
Have you forgotten?

William Wegman '65

Drawing by Marie Guzzetti







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